

A small boy who lives in Leeds was one day talking to a school friend, and fell into conversation with his friend's mother. He finally remarked that it was getting very hard to tell from the places in which he had to live, whether or not they are entitled to social consideration.

"Now, there is Blank-st," he said; "you wouldn't think anybody was much that lived on Blank-st, would you? But there the Mr. Tomson, he lives there."

"And is Mr. Tomson much?"

"Mr. Tomson!"—with the air of one overwhelmed by astonishment that such an obvious fact should escape anybody. "I should think he was! He's as awful well. Wm. he won't speak to my father."

—(TIT BITS)